

THE
DEATH of CLEOPATRA
A COLOSSAL
STATUE IN MARBLE

EXECUTED BY

Edmonia Lewis

IN

ROME-ITALY

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CLEOPATRA
WITH ANTONY.



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PRINTED BY SIMMERGINI

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Plutarch say of Antony: He once more passed into Asia ; when he had enriched himself with the weath of the country, his house was the resort of obsequious kings, and queens contending for his favor by their beauty and munificence, then, whilst Caesar was harassed with seditiory at Rome, Antony gave his soul up to luxery, and the joy of his former life.

When Antony entered Ephesus, the women in the dress of Bacchanals, and men and boys, marched before him habilited like Pan. Nothing was to be seen through the whole city but ivy crowns, and spears wreathed with ivy, harps, flutes, and pipes, while Antony was hailed by the name of Bacchus. So frail, was the flexible Antony when the love of Cleopatra came in to the completion of his ruin. This awakened every passion, and totally extinguished, the gleams of remaining virtue. His love for Cleopatra, it began in this manner: When he first set out on his expedition against the Parthians, he sent orders to Cleopatra to meet him in Cilicia, that she might answer some accusations which

had been laid against her of assisting Cassius in the war. Dellius, who went on this message, no sooner observed the beauty and address of Cleopatra, than he concluded that such a beautiful woman far from having anything to apprehend from the resentment of Antony, would certainly have great influence over him. He therefore paid his court to the amiable Egyptian, and solicited her to go, as Homer says, “in her best attire”, into Cilicia.; assuring her, that she had nothing to fear from Antony, who was the most courtly general in the world. Cleopatra induced by this invitation; and in the confidence of that beauty which had before touched the hearts of Caesar and young Pompey, she

entertained no doubt of the conquest of Antony. When Caesar and Pompey had her favours, she was young and unexperienced; but she was to meet Antony at an age when beauty, in its full perfection, called in the maturity of the understanding to its aid. Prepared, therefore, with rich treasures, ornaments, and present, affluence of her kingdom but chiefly relying on her personal charm, she set off for Cilicia. Though she had received many pressing letters of invitation from Antony and his friends, she by no means took the most expeditious method of travelling. She sailed along the river Cysnus in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered with gold, the sails were of purple,

and the oars were silver. These, in their motion, kept time to the music of flutes and pipes and harps. Cleopatra, the queen, in the dress and character of Venus, lay under a canopy all embroidered with gold, of the most exquisite workmanship; While boys like painted Cupids, stood fanning her on each side of the sofa. Her maids were of the most distinguished beauty, and habited like the Nereids and the Graces, assisted in the steering and conduct of the Vessel. The fragrance of the burning incense was diffused along the shore, which were covered with multitudes of people. Some followed the procession, and such numbers went down from the city to see it, that Antony was at last left alone on

the tribunal. A rumour was soon spread, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus for the benefit of Asia. Antony sent to invite her to supper; but she thought it his duty to wait upon her, and to show his politeness on her arrival; he complied. He was astonished at the magnificence of the preparations; but particularly at that multitude of lights, which were raised or let down together, and disposed in such a variety of square and circular figures that they afforded one of the most pleasing spectacles that as been recorded in history. The day following Antony invited her to sup with him, and was ambitious to outdo her in the elegance and magnificence of the entertainment.

But he was soon convinced that he came short of her in both, and was first to ridicule the meanness and vulgarity of his treat. As she found that Antony's humour favoured more of the camp than the court, she fell into the same course vein, and played upon him without the least reserve such was the variety of her powers in conversation; her beauty, it is said, was neither astonishing nor inimitable; but it drove a force from her wit, and her fascinating manner, which was so absolutely irresistible. Her voice was delightfully melodious, and had the same variety of modulations as an instrument of many strings. She spoke most languages; and there were but few of the foreign ambassadors whom she answered.

ered by an interpreter. She gave audience herself to the Ethiopians, the Troglodites, the Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Meda, and Parthians. Nor were these all the languages she understood, through the kings of Egypt, her predecessors, could hardly ever attain to the Egyptian; and some of them forgot even their original Macedonian. Antony was so wholly engrossed with her charms, that he forgot to maintain his interest at Rome against Caesar, and the Parthian force. Cleopatra led her amorous captin in triumph to Alexandria. There the veteran warrior fell into every idle excess of amusement, and offered at the shrine of luxury, what Antipho calls the greatest of all sacrifices, the sacrifice of time. This mode of

life they called the inimitable. They visited each other every day; and the profusion of their entertainments is incredible. Cleopatra was not limited to one kind of flattery. She had an infinite variety of it. Whether Antony were in the gay or the serious humour, still she had something ready for his amusement. She was with him night and day. She gamed, she drank, she hunted, she reviewed with him. In his night rambles, when he was reconnoitring the door and windows of the citizens, and throwing out jests upon them, she attended him in a habit of an servant, which he also, on such occasions affected to wear. From these expeditions he frequently returned a sufferer both in person and character. But

some of the Alexandrians were displeased with this whimsical humour, others enjoyed it, and said, "That Antony presented his comic parts in Alexandria, and reserved the tragic for Rome". To mention all his follies would be too trifling; but his fishing story most not be omitted. He was fishing one day with Cheopatra, and had ill success, which, in the presence of his grand mistress, he look upon as a desgrace, he, therefore, ordered one of the assistants to dive and put on his hook such as had been taken before. This scheme he put in practice three or four times, and Cleopatra perceived it. She affected, however, to be surprised at his success; and expressed her wonder to the

people about her: and, the day following, invited them to see fresh proofs of it. When the day following came, the vessel was crowded with people; and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she ordered one of her divers immediately to put a salt fish on his hook. When Antony found he had caught his fish, he drew up his line; and this, as may be supposed, occasioned no small mirth amongst the spectators. "Go general!" said Cleopatra, "leave fishing to us petty princes of Phares and Canopus; your game is cities kingdoms, and provinces". Antony was obliged to go to the war and so he sailed for Asia. Upon his approach to Syria, the love of Cleopatra, which had so long been

in his heart, revived anew, and took possession of his soul Antony's passions, once more broke loose, and in spite of honor, interest, and prudence, he sent Fontains Capito to conduct Cleopatra into Syria. Upon her arrival he made her the most magnificent presents. He gave her the provinces of Phoenicia, Caelosyria, Cyprus, and a great part of Cilicia, and that part of Judaea which produces the balm, and that of Arabia Nabathea which lies upon the Ocean. These extravagant gifts were disagreeable to the Romans; for, though he had often conferred on private persons considerable governments and kingdoms; though he had deprived many princes of their dominions yet not-

hing so much disturbed the Romans as his enormous profusion in favour of that beautiful woman Antony thinking it was time to have peace required that the Roman standards and ensigns which had been taken at the defeat of Crassus, and such of the prisoners as still survived, might be restored. He sent Cleopatra into Egypt, after which he marched through Arabia and Armenia. He had several princes in alliance with him, but Artavasdes, king of Armenia, was the most powerful; for he furnished six thousand horses and seven thousand footmen. But with all this armament, which struck terror into the Indians beyond Bactria, and alarmed all Asia, his great attachment to Cleopatra rend-

ered him perfectly useless. His impatience to return to spend the winter with her made him take the field too early in the season, and precipitated all his measures. As a man who is under the power of enchantment, can only act as the impulse of the magic directs him, his eye was continually drawn to Cleopatra, and to return to her was a greater object than to conquer the world. Cleopatra was dying for the love of Antony she became much emaciated. At his approach she tought her eye to an agreeable surprise. Poor Cleopatra was too soon to be without her Antony as he began to prepar for his Median expedition and Cleopatra's creatures and dependants did not fail to reproach his unfeeling heart,

which could suffer the woman whose life was wrapped up in his, to die for his sake. Cleopatra poor woman was content for the sake of his society, but whenever she should be deprived of it, then she would be deprived of her life. These insinuations so totally unmanned him that, though fear of Cleopatra's putting an end to her life, he returned to Egypt and put off the Mede till summer. Cleopatra on all public occasions, wore the sacred robe of Isis, this robe was of all colours to signify the universality of the goddess's influence. When Ceasar had made his preparations, it was decreed that war should be declared against Cleopatra; for that Antony could not be said to possess that power

which he had already given up to a woman. Caesar knew, that Antony was like a man under enchantment, who had no longer any power over himself. It was not he, with whom they were going to war, but Mardion, and Pothinus; Iris, Cleopatra's woman, and Charmion; for these had the principal direction of affairs. When Antony arrived in Libya, he sent Cleopatra into Egypt, and he retired to a melancholy desert, where he wandered up and down, with only two attendants, Cleopatra in the mean while, had formed a design of drawing her galley over the part of the Red sea and the Isthmus which divides Asia from Africa, and proposed with all her wealth and force to seek some re-

mote country where she might neither be reduced to slavery nor involved in war. She however gave up this enterprise, and began to fortify the avenues of her kingdom. Antony and Cleopatra had before established a society called the *Inimitable Livers*, of which they were members ; but thay now instituted another by no means inferior in splendor or luxury, called the *Companions in Death*. Their friends were admitted into this, and the time passed in mutal treats and diversions. Cleopatra, at the some time was making a collection of porsonous drogs, and being desirous to know which was the least painful in the operation, she tried them on the capital convicts. Such poisons as were quick in

their operation she found to be attended with great pain and convulsions; such as were milder were slow in their effect; she, therefore, applied herself to the examination of venomous creatures, and different kinds of them applied to persons under her own inspection. Of these experiments she found that the bite of the asp was the most eligible kind of death for it brought on a gradual kind of lethagy, in which the face was covered with a gentle sweat, and the senses sunk easily into stupefaction; and those who were thus affected showed the same uneasiness at being disturbed or awaked, that people do in the profoundest natural sleep Antony and Cleopatra sent ambassadors to Cea-

sar in Asia. Cleopatra requested Egypt for her children, and Antony only petitioned that he might be permitted to live as a private man in Egypt, or if that were too much, that he might retire to Athens. Caesar rejected Antony's petition; but he answered Cleopatra, that she might expect every favor from him, provided she took off Antony, or banished him from her dominions. Antony and Cleopatra sent a gain other Embassadors to Caesar with offer of great treasures; and last of all Antony sent his son Anlyllus with large sum of gold. Caesar with that meanness which made a great part of his character, took the gold, but granted him none of his requests. Caesar sent Thyreus to

Cleopatra and as he was indulged with audiences longer than usual, Antony grew jealous, and having first ordered him to be whipped he sent him back to Caesar. Cleopatra had erected near the temple of Isis some monuments of extraordinary size and magnificence. To these she removed her treasure, her gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon, together with a large quantity of flax, and a number of touches. Antony determined to attack Caesar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the battle he ordered his servants a supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully; for the following day might be-

long to another master , thay wept to hear him talk thus. At the dead of night a universal silence reigned through the city a silence which deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day. As soon as it was light, he led his infantry out of the city, and posted them on a rising ground, from whence he saw his fleet advance towards the enemy. There he stood waiting for the event; as soon as the fleet met Caesar's they hailed each other with their oars in a friendly manner Antony's fleet making the first advances, and sailed over to the city. This was no sooner done, than the cavalry deserted him in the same manner, and surrendered to Caesar. His infantry were routed; and as he

retired to the city, he exclaimed that Cleopatra had betrayed him to those whom he was fighting only for her sake. The unhappy queen, dreading the effects of his anger, fled to her monument, and having secured it as much as possible with bars and bolts, she gave orders that Antony should be informed that she was dead. Antony believing the information to be true, he cried saying, “Antony, why doest thou delay ! What is life to thee when it is taken from her for whom alone thou couldst wish to live”. He then went to his chamber, and opening his coat of mail, he said. “I am not distressed, Cleopatra, that [thou art gone before me, for I shall soon be with thee ; but I grieve to think that

I who have been so distinguished a general, should be inferior to a woman". He was then attended by a faithful servant, whose name was Eros. He had engaged this servant to kill him whenever he should think it necessary, and he demanded that service. Eros drew his sword, as if he designed to kill him; but, suddenly turning about, he slew himself, and fell at his master's feet; "This, Eros, was greatly done", said Antony: thy heart would not permit thee to kill thy master, but thou hast taught him what to do by thy example, "He then plunged his sword into his bowels, and threw himself on a couch, that stood by. The wound, however, was not so deep as to cause immediate death; he came

to himself, and entreated those who stood by to put him out of his pain. They all fled, nevertheless, and left him to his cries and torments, till Diomedes, secretary to Cleopatra, came with her request, that he would come to her monument. When Antony found that she was still living, it gave him fresh spirits, and he ordered his servants to take him up. Accordingly they carried him in their arms to the door of the monument. Cleopatra would not suffer the door to be opened, but a cord being let down from a window, Antony was fastened to it, and she, with her two women, all that were admitted into the monument, drew him up. Nothing, as they who were present observed, could

possibly be more affecting than that spectacle Antony covered with blood, and in the agonies of death, hoisted up by a rope, and stretching out his hands to Cleopatra, while he was suspended, for a considerable time, in the air. For it was with the greatest difficulty they drew him up, though Cleopatra herself exerted all her strength, straining every nerve, and distorting every feature with the violence of the effort; while those who stood below endeavoured to animate and encourage her, and seemed to partake in all the toil, and all the emotions that she felt. When she drew him up, and laid him on a bed, as she stood over him, she rent her clothes, beat and wounded her breast and whipping the

blood from his disfigured countenance, she called him her lord, her emperor, her husband. Her soul was absorbed in his misfortunes; and she seemed totally to have forgotten that she had any miseries of her own Antony endeavoured to soothe her as well as he was able, and called for wine; either because he was thirsty, or because he thought it might sooner put him out of his pain. When he had drank, he advised her to consult her own affairs and her safety, so far as might be consistent with honour, and to place her confidence in Proculeius rather than in the other friends of Caesar "As to himself", he said that "she ought rather to rejoice in the remembrance of his past happiness than

to bewail his present misfortunes; since in his life he had been illustrious, and was not inglorious in his death. He had conquered like a Roman, and it was only by a Roman that he was conquered." A little before he expired, Proculeius arrived from Caesar; for after Antony had stabbed himself, and was conveyed to Cleopatra, one of his guards, privately carried off his bloody sword, and showed it to Caesar. When Caesar beheld this token of Antony's death, he retired to the inner part of his tent and shed some tears in remembrance of a man who had been his relation, Caesar after this, he despatched orders to Proculeius to take Cleopatra alive if possible, for he was extremely solicit-

ous to save the treasures in the monument, which would so greatly add to the glory of his triumph. She refused to admit him into the monument, and would only speak to him through the bolted gate. Many princes begged the body of Antony, that they might have the honour of giving it burial; but Caesar would not take it from Cleopatra, who interred it with her own hands, and performed the funeral rites with great magnificence; for she was allowed to expend what she thought proper on the occasion. A few days after, Caesar himself made her a visit of condolence and consolation. She was then in an undress, and lying negligently on a couch; but when the conqueror entered the apart-

ment though she had nothing on but a single bedgown, she arose and threw herself at his feet. Her face was out of figure, her hair in disorder, and her bosom bore the marks of the injuries, she done it. In short, her person gave you the image of her mind; yet, in this deplorable condition, there were some remains of that grace, that spirit and vivacity which had so peculiarly animated her former charms, and still some gleams of her native elegance might be seen to wander over her melancholy countenance. Caesar assured her, that she might depend on a most honourable treatment, and then took leave of her confident that he had brought her to his purpose; but she deceived him.

Caesar had in his employ, a young nobleman who was so smitten with the charms of Cleopatra, he engaged himself to her to communicate to her every thing that passed, he sent her private notice that Caesar was about to return into Syria, and that, within three days, she would be sent away with her children. When she was informed this, she requested Caesar's permission to make her last oblation to Antony. This being granted, she was conveyed to the place where he was buried; and kneeling at his tomb, with her women, she thus addressed the name of the dead: "It is not long, my Antony, since with these hands I buried thee. Alas, they were free; but thy Cleopatra is now a

prisoner, attended by a guard, lest in the transports of her grief she should disfigure this captive body, which is captive indeed, and which is reserved to adorn the triumph over thee. These are the last offerings, the last honours she can pay thee; for she is now to be conveyed to a distant country. Nothing could part us while we lived; but in death we are to be divided. Thou, though a Roman liest buried in Egypt; and I, an Egyptian, must be interred in Italy, the only favour I shall receive from thy contry. Yet, if the gods of Rome have power or mercy left (for surely those of Egypt have forsaken us), let them not suffer me to be led in living triumph to thy disgrace; No; hide

me hide me with thee in the grave; for life since thou hast left it, has been misery to me". Thous the unhappy queen bewailed her misfortunes; and, after she had crowned the tomb with flowers, and kissed it, she ordered her bath to be prepared. When she had bathed, she sat down to a magnificent supper; soon after which; a peasant came to the gate with a small basket. The guards inquired what it contained; putting by the leaves which lay upper most, showed them a parcel of figs. As they admired their size and beauty, he smiled, and bade them take some, but they refused; and not suspecting that the basket contained anything else, it was carried in. After supper

Cleopatra sent a letter to Caesar, and, ordering every body out of the monument, except her two women, she made fast the door. When Caesar opened the letter the plaintive style in which it was written and the strong request that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, made him suspect her design. He at first thought of hasting off to her himself, but changed his mind, and despatched others. Her death, however, was so sudden, that though they who were sent ran the whole way, alarmed the guards with their apprehensions, and immediately broke open the doors, they found her quite dead. On the golden throne and dressed in all her royal ornaments, Iras, one of her women, lay

dead at her feet and Charmion, hardly able to support herself, was adjusting her mistress's diadem. One of Caesar's messengers said angrily "Charmion, was this well done!" Perfectly well, said she "and worthy a descendant of the king of Egypt". She had no sooner said this, than she fell down dead. It is related that the asp was brought in amongst the figs, and hid under in the leaves. Caesar was much disappointed by her death, he admired her fortitude, and ordered her to be buried in the tomb of Antony, with all the magnificence due to her. Her women, too, were, by his orders, interred with great funeral pomp. Cleopatra died at the age of thirty nine after having reigned twenty two years,

fourteen years she lived with Antony. Antony was fifty three, some say fifty six, when he died Cleopatra certainly possessed the virtues of fidelity and natural affection in a very eminent degree.



CLEOPATRA DYING.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Sinks the sun below the desert

Golden glows the sluggish Nile :

Purple flame crowns Spring and Temple,

Linghts up every ancient pile

Where the old gods now are sleeping ;

Isis, and Osiris great,

Guard me, help me, give me courage

Like a Queen to meet my fate !

“I am dying, Egypt, dying!”

Let the Caesar's army come —
I will cheat him of his glory.

Though beyond the Styx I roam,
Shall he drag this beauty with him

While the crowd his triumph sings?
No, no, never! I will show him

What lies in the blood of Kings.

Though he hold the golden sceptre,

Rule the Pharaon's sunny land,
Where old Nilus rolls resistless,

Through the sweeps of silvery sand —
He shall never say I met him

Fawning, abject, like a slave —
I will foil him, though to do it
I must cross the Stygian wave.

Oh, my hero, sleeping, sleeping —

Shall I meet you on the shore
Of Plutonian shadows? Shall we

In death meet and love once more?
See, I follow in your footsteps —

Scorn the Caesar and his might —
For your love I will leap boldly
Into realms of death and night.

Down below the desert sinking,
Fades Apollo's brilliant car,
And from out the distant azure,
Breaks the bright gleam of a star:
Venus, Queen of Love and Beauty,
Welcomes me to death's embrace,
Dying-free, proud, and triumphant,
The last sovereign of my race.

Dying ! dying ! I am coming,

Oh, my hero, to your arms :

You will welcome me, I know it —

Guard me from all rude alarms,

Hark ! I hear the legions coming,

Hear their cries of triumph swell.

But, proud Caesar, dead I scorn you,

Egypt — Antony — farewell !

THE GOLDEN RULE:

BOSTON,

August the 9th 1876.

Say about the statue of Cleopatra.

The dead Cleopatra, in room K, is a statue of marked power. The queen is sitting in her chair of state, still holding in her right hand the little reptile which has brought sweet surcease from her woe at the defeat of all her colossal ambitions. Her head lies on the back of the chair turned to the left, and her eyes are closed forever. The tragedy of an empire

■

is ended. Hers is indeed the face of Cleopatra. The large, full eye closed in death; the thin, aquiline nose; the broad, strong jaw, and the delicate, feminine chin, are certainly fit expressions of that wonderful combination of extraordinary endowments, which belonged to the woman who, as queen of Egypt, planned to marry Julius Caesar as a matter of State policy, in order that the throne of Egypt might be joined with the throne of Rome and the two become the joint throne of the world, upon which she as queen and he as king might together reign: but who, after he was assassinated, became, as woman, the infatuated lover of Mark Antony, and having lost him and her crown through

the sea-fight at Actium, flung away her life rather than endure the shame of entering as a slave, led to grace the triumphal procession of her conqueror, that Rome which she had purposed to enter as wife of the reigning monarch. This is the only representation of that queen I have ever seen worthy of her historical character. How superior it is any one will see, who compares it with either of the others in the Exhibition; for instance, with that picture in the English department, room D, which is chiefly an Egyptian interior, very faithfully rendered, with a dead woman sitting in a chair on a rug in the middle of the room.

FROM
THE SUNDAY MERCURY,

Philadelphia. 1876.

“The death of Cleopatra on Her Throne,” in Memorial Hall, well deserves the title of her masterpiece. It is considered one of the grandest statues in the Exposition. One almost seems to imagine, when looking at it, they are, indeed, in the awful presence of death. The last breath just seems to have been drawn through the partly-opened lips, her right hand holds the asp, while the left arm,

perfectly modeled, hangs limp over the arm of the chair. The style of the robe, the headdress, the sandals and the throne have been carefully studied from Egyptian designs. The weight is two tons. The canopy above, which is of ebony and gold, make the height of the whole twelve feet. She was at work upon it four years. When she began she lacked means to finish it. She went to California, exhibited and sold the pieces, which enabled her to proceed with her labor. When her funds were exhausted she exhibited in Minnesota, thus raising means to prosecute her great work which has cost her so much time and money.

It is a pity one cannot walk around the statue and see more closely the perfect expression of the face, but the crowds which always surround it seem satisfied to have a partial view.

FROM
THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

In the south-western pavillon there is nothing of much interest except the statue of "Cleopatra Dying," by Miss Edmonia Lewis, the colored sculptress.

Miss Edmonia Lewis has in this room her greatest achievement in sculpture — "The Death of Cleopatra." It is a large and impressive work, and with the Egyptian chair of state, embossed with hieroglyphics and other designs, on which the great queen

is just expiring, with the asp still clutched in her right hand and the scarlet canopy above, render it the most conspicuous object in the room. The face of Cleopatra is of Egyptian mould.

ALBANY SUNDAY PRESS.

January the 21st 1877.

WOMAN AT THE CENTRAL EXHIBITION--- V.

BY MRS. S. P. LEGGETT.

FOR THE SUNDAY PRESS.

There are sixteen painters in oil and four in water colors. We lingered long over the "Dying Cleopatra" of Edmonia Lewis. We consider it one of the most remarkable specimens of woman's power over the rough marble. You stand and gaze upon the exquisite piece of work with feelings of wonder, praise and admir-

ation; and are even more surprised to learn that the swarthy head of a little woman, a full-blooded Chippewa Indian, was the artistic sculptress. She is a bright wee creature and this, her masterpiece, she looks upon with pride. The accurate proportions, the life-like position, the poisonous asp twined around her wrist and the death-like expression of the oriental woman, committing suicide in the disappointment of her ambition and beauty, are all true to life. The carving exquisite, the model beyond criticism, we consider it the *chef d'œuvre* of Memorial hall. Miss Hosmer had exhibited in Woman's pavilion, Miss Cushman's bust and a bronze statue, but there was nothing in com-

parison to this monument of an ebony woman's innate, developed talent. It was in truth dying Cleopatra, the great eastern queen, with her proud "Caesar, I scorn you, Egypt, Antony, farewell!" The statue of Cleopatra by W. W. Story, of Rome, cannot compare with this of Miss Lewis. There is no display of that exquisite faultless genius she has exhibited. In Story's representation, the queen looks more like a mere stray woman of beauty and loveliness without intellect, but in Miss Lewis' finer model, she is every inch the dying queen, the victim of her own fate, with the sensibility of a lost power, of her once grandeur and greatness, therefore she

commits suicide. In the recent sale of Johnson's art gallery, Story's Cleopatra was unsold. Miss Lewis' would have had many purchasers.

DAILY-NEWS

LONDON-ENGLAND.

September 1876.

Miss Edmonia Lewis as a lady artist (and man as a artist might truly be proud of such a work as that of her's, the great statue, the death of Cleopatra). Miss Lewis has reached an unusual high standard. The merits of her clever work the death of Cleopatra we have already spoken of in our former letter. But we cannot conclude our notice on art at the Philadelphia exhibition without mentioning once more the name

of Miss Lewis, one can see, with what unweary toil that only genius seems really capable of expending, she has spent months of special study of the nude. The chief charm of this statue is the quiet harmony, we hope that this work will not remain in America, but that it will find its way in to our Royal Academy. The beautiful Throne with its rich and tasteful drapery all go to aid to the greatness of this work. If this lady keeps to her study of nature and with as much care as she has shown in her work of this statue, we predict for her great future. Her young hand has already the skill of age.

